

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

VOLUME XXIV.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, APRIL 30, 1867.

NUMBER 9.

## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Two dollars per annum, in advance.  
Single copies, five cents.

### JOB PRINTING.

Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

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Twelve squares, three weeks.....24 00  
Twelve squares, six months.....48 00  
Twelve squares, nine months.....72 00  
Twelve squares, twelve months.....96 00  
All advertisements will be charged by the line, and must be paid in advance of publication.  
Notices of the appointment of Ad-  
ministrators and Executors; also  
Attachments, Judgments and Bonds not  
exceeding two dollars and fifty cents, in  
advance.

TIN WARE, COPPER WARE,

AND

Sheet Iron Ware, Stoves, &c.

Place of business, one door North of Jud-  
kins' Drug Store.

WILLIAM ROSE,

Has just received, and will sell at reason-  
able prices, a first class stock of the  
ware enumerated above. Mr. Rose is a cap-  
ital workman, and will manufacture for you  
any ware desired, not found in his shop.  
Give him a call before looking elsewhere.  
He can and will please you.  
april 23, '67. WILLIAM ROSE.

### Professional Cards.

Dr. WILLIAM WALTON,

Examining Surgeon.

Has been appointed by the Commissioner  
of Pensions to examine applicants for  
INVALID PENSIONS.

To those needing his services he will give  
prompt attention.  
Office one door South of the Street O'F  
See. april 23, '67.

Dr. W. T. SINGLAI.

HAVING assumed the practice of  
Medicine, tenders his Profes-  
sional services to the citizens of  
Woodsfield and vicinity.  
Residence one door North of Driggs  
Store.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,  
(Office on Main Street.)

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

J. A. ARON, J. P. SPRIGGS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
and Licensed Claim Agents,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office—Up stairs in the old Bloomer  
House.  
April 24, 1867.

W. F. HUNTER, JR., W. F. HUNTER, JR.,

HUNTER & HUNTER,

Attorneys at Law,  
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.  
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining  
Counties, and will be at the  
Court, on the 1st of May.

JACOB T. MORRILL,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.  
Will promptly and faithfully attend to  
business entrusted to his care. Com-  
petence and amiable adjustment always first  
sought, and litigation used only as a last  
resource.  
Oct. 31, '66.

J. W. SHANNON,

Attorney at Law,  
Bellaire, Belmont Co., OHIO.

W. J. STEEL & BRO.,

Produce & Commission Merchants,  
Reside and sell all kinds of  
Country Produce, Foreign and Domestic  
Fruit, Nuts, &c.  
No. 123 Third St., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Country orders and consignments solicited.  
Price Currents issued weekly to consignors.  
april 23, '67.

Election of Officers.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual  
election for officers of the Monroe Afri-  
can Fire Insurance Company, will take place  
at the office of said Company, in Woodsfield,  
on Monday, May 1, 1867.  
april 23, '67. JOHN S. WAY, Sec.

## Poetry.

### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

With heavy head bent on the yielding hand,  
And half-faded cheek, bathed in a feverish  
light,  
With restless lips, and most unquiet eyes,  
A maiden sits, and looks out on the night.  
The darkness presses close against the pane,  
And silence lies on the elm tree old,  
Through whose wide branches steals the  
white-faced moon.  
In furtive gleams, as though 'twere bold,  
She hears the wind upon the casement fall,  
And lifts her head as if to listen there;  
Then wearily she taps against the pane,  
Or folds more close the ripples of her hair.  
She sings unto herself an idle strain,  
And through its music all her thoughts are  
seen,  
For all the burden of the song she sings  
Is, "O, my God! it might have been!"  
Alas! that words like these should have the  
power  
To crush the roses of her early youth—  
That on her altar of remembrance sleeps  
Some hope, dimmed of its love and truth,  
That 'mid the shadows of her memory lies  
Some grave, moss-covered, where she loves  
to lean,  
And sadly sing unto the form therein,  
"It might have been, O God! it might  
have been!"  
We all have in our hearts some hidden place,  
Some secret chamber where a cold corpse  
lies;  
The drapery of whose couch we dress anew  
Each day beneath the pale glare of its  
eyes.  
We go from its still presence to the sun,  
To seek the pathway where it once was  
seen,  
And strive to still the throbbing of our hearts  
With this wild cry, "O, God! it might have  
been!"  
We mourn in secret o'er some buried love  
In the far past, whence love does not re-  
turn;  
And strive to find among its ashes gray  
Some lingering particle that yet may live and  
burn.  
And when we see the weakness of our task,  
We flee away far from the hopeless scene,  
And folding close the garments of our hearts,  
Ory to the winds, "O, God! it might have  
been!"  
Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,  
We mourn some jewel which the heart has  
missed;  
Some brow we touched in days long since  
gone by,  
Some lip whose freshness and first dew we  
kissed.  
We shut out from our eyes the happy light  
Of sunbeams dancing on the hillside green;  
And like the maiden, ope them in the night,  
And cry, like her, "O, God! it might have  
been!"

### What is Gossip?

We are often asked, "What is gossip?"  
We answer, in a general way, that it is  
talking of persons rather than of things.  
Nothing shows the poverty of ideas more  
than this talking about the affairs of your  
neighbor. It is only malicious people  
who originate gossip; it is narrow-minded  
people, ignorant people, stupid people.  
Persons of culture and intelligence are  
not so hard run for topics of conversation.  
They can usually find something to  
say about art, literature, fashion, or  
society. The moment people begin to  
talk of their neighbors—of persons rather  
than of things—they are apt to de-  
generate into scandal; for where one  
speaks of the virtues of an acquaintance,  
a dozen expatiate on his or her short-  
comings. And this brings us to speak of  
real culture, or what we consider to be  
such, at least. A cultivated person, in  
the highest sense of the term, is not merely  
one who can talk of books, pictures,  
and other elevated subjects of human in-  
terest. To be thoroughly cultivated, the  
heart as well as the intellect should be  
refined and enlarged. Sometimes we see  
women who, without education, yet hav-  
ing been born amiable, are never guilty of  
gossip. Again we see women, not natu-  
rally amiable, whose education has taught  
to talk of things, not persons. The per-  
fect woman, in this respect, is one who is  
both amiable and educated. But educa-  
tion does not always elevate people above  
the regions of gossip. A really bad heart  
is always malicious. The best advice we  
can give is the homely old adage: "Mind  
your own business." Very few of us  
ever know the whole truth about anything  
concerning a neighbor, and to speak of  
his or her conduct is usually to run the  
risk of being unjust. Much less should  
we talk of the motives of others. Very  
few of us know our own motives, and to  
venture on discussing a neighbor's mo-  
tives is always impertinence, and often a  
real crime.

### LUCKY DAYS.—In the Rhymes and

Proverbs we find these lines on wedding  
days:

Monday for health,

Tuesday for wealth,

Wednesday the best day of all;

Thursday for crosses,

Friday for losses,

And Saturday no luck at all.

The locomotive now runs on the Pa-  
cific Railroad to a point four hundred and  
fifty miles west of St. Louis, and the  
track is being laid at the rate of a mile  
every day.

## THE RECOVERED LETTERS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Three days before the wedding! and  
Rachel Piercy was kneeling before her  
boudoir, where a blood-red banner of lu-  
cid sunset light flared and trembled  
among the scattered flowers and jewels,  
and tiny out-glass perfume stands that or-  
namented her dressing-bureau; kneeling,  
but not in the quiet, peaceful attitude of  
prayer. No, the beautiful scarlet lip,  
compressed by cruel white teeth—the  
hands pressed tightly across the forehead—  
the cheek white as the pallid marble of  
some fair monumental statue—all told a  
far different tale than that of a maiden's  
innocent prayer.

She was very beautiful, and dark with  
the rich crimson of Jewish blood glowing  
in her veins, although Hobart an-  
cestry had long since been merged in the  
past. Dark with velvet-red cheeks and  
glorious liquid eyes floating beneath  
heavy-fringed lashes, while the luxuriant  
black hair, brushed away from her pure  
cream-tinted forehead, fell in soft massy  
curls, shot with purplish shadows. Rachel  
was as beautiful as Queen Esther might  
have been; but how willingly would she  
have exchanged all that beauty for a lit-  
tle peace?

"What shall I do?" she murmured, look-  
ing vaguely out across the sylvan beauty  
of the quiet park, all flooded in evening  
splendors. "O, merciful heaven, what is  
there left for me to do? To think that this  
blow should fall on me, at this moment  
of all others, just when the cup of  
fortune and happiness was so close to my  
lips! It is too hard—too hard!"  
She uttered a low, bitter groan, as her  
eyes fell on a crumpled, dirty half sheet  
of paper that lay on the floor beside her,  
evidently a note.

"My darling Rachel," it read, "don't  
let your surprise and pleasure at again  
hearing from me—and so unexpectedly  
too—quite overpower you. Meet me to-  
night, at seven, at the weeping birch tree,  
on the edge of the Lake Woods. If I  
do not see you, punctual to the moment,  
I shall take prompt measures to cultivate  
the acquaintance of the gentleman whom  
you are about to make happy. Adieu,  
ma petite.

Yours, devotedly, while the cash lasts.

"There is no help for it," she moaned  
to herself. "While he retains possession  
of these letters, I am as completely his  
slave as if my golden bracelet were linked  
fetter of iron. If Herbert knew all, he  
would be the last one to judge me harshly  
for the mad, school-girl infatuation that  
has placed me so cruelly in Malcolm  
Wayne's power. But he cannot know all—  
and the letters I wrote when hardly  
more than a child bear cruel evidence  
against me. No! there is no help for it.  
I must try what a last appeal will do."

And Rachel Piercy shrouded her rich  
dress of glimmering purple silk, shot with  
golden gleams, in a sombre black mantle,  
and stole down through the over-hanging  
shadows of twilight, to the weeping birch  
tree, on the outermost verge of the woods,  
to meet the hard and merciless man who  
held her fate in his hands.

He was there before her, pacing up  
and down the smooth green sward, and  
glancing over and anon shrewdly at his  
watch; a tall, stylish-looking man, with  
blue eyes, fair wavy hair, and aquiline  
features, while there was a something  
about him and *those* in his whole appearance  
that can scarcely be described. He nod-  
ded his head, with an intensely disagree-  
able smile, as Rachel swept down the nar-  
row path, her liquid black eyes full of  
trouble, light, and angry roses burning  
on her cheeks.

"You haven't grown at all ugly, my  
dear Rachel," he said, in a light, mock-  
ing tone, as he bowed a ceremonious  
greeting. "Upon my word, you do the  
greatest credit to Mr. Herbert Montpen-  
sier's choice!"  
"It did not come here to listen to this  
strain of idle compliment," said Rachel,  
coldly. "Why did you send for me?"  
"To get money, Rachel, of course; since  
you will insist on coming directly to busi-  
ness."

"How much?" she demanded, briefly.  
"Well—just at present—say two thou-  
sand dollars."

"I have not got it to give you," she an-  
swered with desperate calmness. "I have  
already given you more, far more, than I  
could spare. How many hundreds have  
you taken from me before this?"  
He drew a couple of faded, time-worn  
letters from his pocket, and deliberately  
unfolded them.

"Very well—let it be just as you please,  
Miss Piercy. Then I shall have the  
pleasure of a personal interview with Mr.  
Montpensier, at whose mansion you are  
at present such an honored guest. He  
will, of course, be deeply interested in  
anything that appertains to you, your  
early correspondence included."

but had previously written me some very  
pretty letters, which I have no doubt Mr.  
Montpensier will fully appreciate."

She fell on her knees, this proud, haugh-  
ty young thing, with imploring eyes and  
clasped hands:  
"Malcolm, as you hope for mercy here  
and hereafter, return these letters to me.  
On my knees I ask it of you!"  
He shook his head with a sneering, ex-  
ultant laugh.  
"Graceful, Rachel, and dramatic, but  
ineffective. No; these letters you do not  
have!"  
She rose again, cold and pale: "Then  
do your worst!"  
"Exactly; I shall proceed to an inter-  
view with Mr. Montpensier—"

"He is not at home!"  
"Not just now, but he will be. In the  
meantime I shall go back to my inn—I  
believe there's a short cut through the  
woods, across the quiet sward while I  
marshal my forces into full line of battle!  
Bon soir! Rachel; pleasant dreams to  
you."

He raised his hat jauntily from his  
light curls, and disappeared into the woods  
where the fire-flies were glowing through  
the purple dusk, and the full moon, round  
and beautiful as a shield of quivering  
fire, was rising behind the tree tops.

It was nearly an hour afterwards, and  
Rachel Piercy was still sitting on the  
trunk of the gnarled, weeping birch-tree,  
when a tender hand fell on hers.  
"Herbert!"  
"Then it is yourself, Rachel, and not  
what? My dearest, what are you doing  
here?"  
"I have been walking," said Rachel,  
with a guilty tinge on her cheeks.  
"Walking! and alone? But that re-  
minds me, Rachel, to warn you against  
crossing the bridge over the river in your  
various wanderings. Yesterday's violent  
storm washed away the supports, the  
boards are all displaced, and for a day or  
two it will be quite impassable. My love,  
how pale you are!"  
"Pale, am I? Nay, Herbert, it is  
nothing more than the effect of the moon-  
light."

"Then the moonlight is a very capricious  
artist, for you are rosy enough now,"  
laughed Montpensier. "Shall we return  
to the house now? My mother will won-  
der what has become of us. Are you not  
surprised to see me here to-night, instead  
of to-morrow morning?"

He had to repeat the question twice  
before Rachel seemed to comprehend the  
meaning; and even then her answer was  
vague and wide of the point.  
"She has over-tired herself, my poor  
little Rachel," thought Herbert Mont-  
pensier. "I must not let her take such  
long walks in the future."

If he could have known the wild, tri-  
umphant throbbing of her heart, the exultant  
hope that was springing up within her,  
he would have been surprised to find it  
so.

He was to cross the bridge, she thought.  
As he was to cross it in the dusk and shadow,  
"I see the end of my long trials near at  
hand!"

All that evening Rachel's laugh was  
sweetest and most musical—her eye bright  
and her cheeks flushed with feverish  
bloom. And when towards midnight, she  
retired to her room, Mrs. Montpensier  
turned to her son and exclaimed, admiringly:  
"How beautiful she is!"

Miss Piercy's maid was sitting, half-  
asleep, by the shaded lamp as her mis-  
tress entered; she started up at the click  
of the latch.  
"You need not sit up any longer, Ma-  
son," said the young lady, pleasantly. "I  
have letters to write, and when they are  
finished, I will brush over my own  
hair."

"Thank you, Miss," said the sleepy  
hand-maiden, very heartily, and Rachel  
Piercy was left alone.  
But she never opened her inlaid writ-  
ing desk. For nearly an hour she sat in  
silence, waiting for every sound to die out  
within the house. Then, when all was  
hushed and still, she rose, and shrouding  
her silk draperies once more in the dark  
folds of the black cloak, she stole down  
stairs and out a garden door, as noiseless  
and light as a floating vapor.

The full moon still rode high in the  
violet dark heavens, and the pathway  
down to the woods was nearly as light as  
day. In the copse, however, it was much  
darker, except where the white radiances  
flickered down through moving leaves  
and densely foliated branches, all spark-  
ling and dripping with dew. Still she  
kept on, until the silver gleam of the  
river flashed between the tree trunks—  
kept on until she stood close to the  
treacherous bridge.

recovered my own," she repeated shud-  
deringly to herself, as with one last look  
at the evil, handsome face that had once  
been so dear to her—a face where the  
steer seemed yet to linger in its rigidity  
—she flitted away, with the letters clasp-  
ed close to her heart!

The light burned quietly beneath its  
shade as she once more entered her room.  
She walked straight to the lamp, remov-  
ed its globe, and held the yellow letters  
above the white spire of flame—held them  
until the last burning fragment scorched  
her lovely, slender fingers. And then,  
when all that was left of them was a few  
featherly tufts of ashes, Rachel threw her-  
self on the sofa with a wild burst of sobs  
and tears—the first tears she had shed  
for weeks.

"Feel free at last!" she wailed, with  
her face buried in the pillows, and her  
heart throbbing with inexpressible thank-  
fulness.  
She was very pale the next morning,  
when they told her at the breakfast table  
of the dreadful fate that had overtaken  
some unknown traveler, who had unwil-  
lingly undertaken to cross the dangerous  
bridge.

"Is it not dreadful?" said Mrs. Mont-  
pensier.  
"Yes, it is," said Herbert; "but I am  
sorry you told her mother; I don't want  
the least shadow to cloud my Rachel's  
face the day before our wedding."

But Rachel looked at him with a dewy  
sparkle in her eyes, that answered the  
happiness in his own heart, a sufficient  
guarantee that the coming day would be  
the brightest and the happiest of all her  
life.

The cloud had passed away, and Ra-  
chel's sky was clear again.  
**Striking out the word "White" in  
Ohio.**

Less than ten years ago, a gentleman,  
who afterward became pretty well known,  
had his attention called to the subject  
which is now being agitated before the  
people of Ohio, whether they will strike  
the word "white" out of their Constitu-  
tion, and admit the negro to entire po-  
litical and social equality with themselves.

This gentleman being thus interrogated,  
and being the candidate then of a great  
party, whose views it was important to  
learn, made the following response:  
"While I was in the hotel to-day, an  
elderly gentleman called upon me to know  
if I was really in favor of producing a  
perfect equality between the negroes  
and the white people. I will say, then,  
that I am not, nor never have been in  
favor of making voters or jurors of ne-  
groes, nor of qualifying them to hold of-  
fices, nor to interfere with white people;  
and I will say in addition to this, that  
there is a physical difference between the  
black and white races, which I believe  
will forever prohibit the two races from  
ever living on terms of social and polit-  
ical equality. And inasmuch as they  
can not so live, while they do remain to-  
gether there must be the position of su-  
perior and inferior, and I as much as any  
other man, am in favor of having the  
superior position assigned to the white  
race."

Our Radical friends and fellow-citizens  
are probably of the opinion that these  
sentiments were enunciated by some pro-  
slavery "Copperhead Democrat." In  
this they are slightly mistaken. The  
gentleman whom we have quoted was no  
other than that late lamented Radical  
Saint, Abraham Lincoln, who expressed  
them in a debate he had with the Hon.  
Stephen A. Douglas, then his opponent  
for the United States Senate. The re-  
marks were made at Charleston, Illinois,  
September 23, 1858.

The question we desire to ask is, if  
this was good Republican doctrine then,  
why is it not now?  
**The "Cool of the Evening."**

Sydney Smith was complaining of a  
gentleman, who, although many years  
his junior, was in the habit of address-  
ing him by his Christian name, a privilege,  
which, as Sydney Smith remarked, he  
only allowed his most intimate friends.  
Shortly after, the gentleman in question  
entered the room, and familiarly address-  
ed Smith as "Sydney," inquired how he  
thought of passing the day. "For my  
part," he added, "the Archbishop of  
Canterbury, (the then Dr. Howley), has  
often invited me to pay him a visit at  
Addington Park, and I think I shall ride  
down and return in the cool of the even-  
ing."

"Ah," returned Smith, "then let me  
give you a piece of advice; I know some-  
thing of the Archbishop; he is a very  
excellent man, but rather proud; don't  
call him William, he might not like it."

A roar of laughter followed this sig-  
nificant speech, and as the discomfited  
youth left the room, Sydney Smith turned  
around and quietly remarked, "I think  
I have settled that 'cool of the evening'  
at last."

## A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,  
What was I born for? "Somebody's wife,"  
I am told by my mother. Well, that being  
true,  
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from  
view;  
And if naught but marriage will settle my  
fate,  
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state;  
For though I'm not ugly—pray what woman  
isn't—  
You might easily find a more beautiful phi-  
sion;  
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis  
plain,  
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in  
vain;

Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is  
perverse,  
And I should not feel grateful "for better or  
worse,"  
To take the first body that graciously came  
And offered those treasures, his home and his  
name.  
I think, then, my chances of marriage are  
small,  
But why should I think of such chances at  
all?

My brothers are, all of them, younger than I;  
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let  
me try?  
I know that in business I'm not an adept,  
Because from such matters most strictly I'm  
kept.  
But this is the question that puzzles my  
mind—  
Why am I not trained up to work of some  
kind?

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,  
Why should I wait to be "somebody's wife?"  
**Song of a Fashionable Gal.**

Oh! bury me deep, with my waterfalls on,  
And my bonnet so tiny and gay;  
Then wrap all my fashionable gossams  
around  
This form when it turneth to clay.  
For I would astonish, long centuries hence,  
The learned explorers of tombs;  
I would rival the mummy in interest when  
Some future L. Agassiz comes  
To explain to the wondering children of Then  
The puzzling marvels of Now;  
Oh! I'll bother their old heads with what's on  
my own,  
If they ever should find me, I vow!

**The Evening before Wedding.**  
"I'll tell you," continued her aunt to  
Louisa, "two things which I have fully  
proved. The first will go far toward  
preventing the possibility of any  
discord after marriage; the second is the  
best and surest preservation of feminine  
character."

"Tell me," said Louisa anxiously.  
"The first is this: Demand of your  
bridegroom, as soon as the marriage cere-  
mony is over, a solemn vow and promise  
yourself never even in jest, to dispute or  
express any disagreement. I tell you  
never—for what begins in mere banter-  
ing will lead to serious earnest. Avoid  
expressing any irritation at one another's  
words. Mutual forbearance is the one  
great secret of domestic happiness. If  
you have erred confess it freely, even if  
confession costs you some tears. Further  
promise faithfully and solemnly, never,  
upon any pretext or excuse, to have any  
secrets or any concealments from each  
other, but to keep your private affairs  
from father, mother, sister, brother, and  
the world. Let them be known only to  
each other and your God. Remember  
that any third person admitted into your  
confidence becomes a party to stand be-  
tween you, and will naturally side with  
one or the other. Promise to avoid this  
and renew the vow upon every tempta-  
tion. It will preserve that perfect con-  
fidence, that union, which will indeed  
make you as one. O, if the newly-mar-  
ried would but practice this spring of  
conjugal peace, how many unions would  
be happy which are now miserable!"

**Knickerbocker.**  
**SOMETHING NEW.**—A neighbor of  
mine had a very rough cellar bottom, and  
did not want to go to the expense of the  
cement so he took his coal ashes and  
mixed it with water, to the ordinary thick-  
ness of mortar. It does not matter how  
many lumps or stones there are. Put it  
on about four inches thick; let it lie  
about twenty-four hours, then stamp it  
with a heavy block of wood three or four  
times a day, until it is perfectly hard.—  
It is better than cement as it will not  
crack or scale off.—American Farmer.

**CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.**  
—A writer in the National Intelligencer  
says: "Spirits of hartsborn is a certain  
remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The  
wound should be bathed constantly with  
it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken  
inwardly during the day. The hartsborn  
decomposes chemically the virus insinuat-  
ed into the wound, and immediately al-  
ters and destroys its deleteriousness."

The gentleman who owned extensive es-  
tates, and was a considerable personal  
celebrity, was spending a few days at the  
residence of a noble family. There were  
several interesting and accomplished  
young ladies in the family, to whom the  
honorable member, as in duty bound,  
showed every attention. Just as he was  
about to take his leave, the nobleman's  
wife proceeded to counsel him in a mat-  
ter which she alleged was causing her no  
little distress. "It is reported," said the  
countess, "that you are to marry my  
daughter L.—What shall we do?  
What shall we say about it?" "Oh,"  
quietly responded the considerate  
gentleman, "just say 'he refused me!'"

## VARIETY.

The Albany Evening Journal thinks it  
requires "more courage to be moderate  
than to be extravagant."  
The editor of the Savannah Republican  
still lies in Chatham county jail. His  
editorials are also dated there.  
People who brood over their sorrows  
are usually successful in hatching a nu-  
merous family.  
During the war Gen. Forrest had  
twenty-eight horses killed outright un-  
der him without counting those wounded.

The tenor of the dispatches from Eu-  
rope imply that, in the event of a Eu-  
ropean war, Austria will be found op-  
posed to Prussia.  
The Congressionalists of England  
have felt it incumbent formally to con-  
demn the system of bribery which has  
been so prevalent during Parliamentary  
elections.  
False ears of flesh color—India rubber  
—have been invented for the use of la-  
dies with large ears. They are used in  
front of the real ears, which are drawn  
back and concealed under the hair.

The acquisition of Russian America  
gives the United States four hours and  
thirty-nine minutes more sunlight than  
it had before—though the sun still sets  
on our dominions.  
A horse-race is announced in Cuba,  
the distance to be five hundred yards,  
and the amount to be run for five hundred  
gold ounces each, or \$3,500 in gold,  
making a stake of \$17,000 in gold.

Napoleon is strengthening his front-  
ier posts and placing his artillery on a  
war footing. It is expected that the  
Reserves of 1866 will be called on the  
1st of May. Prussia is just as active as  
the Emperor.  
The number of Emigrants that have  
arrived at New York from the beginning  
of the year down to April 17, is 33,129,  
as compared with 43,333 during the same  
period of 1866.

Sweden, according to a census just  
taken, has a population of 4,114,141. The  
annual rate of increase is slightly over  
one per cent. per annum—a smaller rate  
than that of England.  
The Atlantic cable, according to the  
London Daily News, is now transmitting  
more messages than ever. The daily  
number is constantly increasing, and the  
receipts now average \$5,750 in gold a  
day.

That Wicked Home Journal says false  
lips, made of pink India rubber, which  
are attached to thin lips in a manner  
which defies detection, and which give a  
pretty pouting appearance to the mouth,  
are much worn by New York ladies.  
A young man out west was